

Eng. Party vol 65.

THE
TRAVELLERS.
A
SATIRE.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence.]

TRAVELLER'S



ST. A. T. R. I.

T H E
T R A V E L L E R S. K

A
T R A V E L L E R S
S A T I R E.

- - - - Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

L O N D O N:
Printed for P. SHATWELL, opposite the ADELPHI, STRAND.
M,DCC;LXXVIII.

THE

TRAVELLERS

S A R E



Printed for P. SHAWWELL opposite the ADRIAN STRAND.
H. G. S. 1851.

L O N D O N
Printed for P. SHAWWELL opposite the ADRIAN STRAND.
MDCCLXXVIII.

Perhaps from this leasian height with thee
Headlong to fall, and plunge into the leasid

Yet not O goddess! do I seek alone a throne
To sit despot on thy airy throne;

Not can I vainly hope alone to reign
Fantastic monarch of the misty train;

Born in the lap, and foster'd in the arms of
With thy lov'd offspring every climate twines;

And all the world, and endless time, will be
Equal competitors for place with me.

Enough for me, to join the giddy throng,
And rove with them thy fancied scenes among;

Enough, to catch each passing change,
----- *Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.
To lash the various vices of the mind,

And hold a faithful mirror to mankind.

QUEEN of the fetter'd soul; hail folly! low
Once more at thy imperial shrine I bow;
Once more, uplifted in thy clouded car,
I range with thee thy castles in the air:

B Perhaps

Perhaps from this Icarian height with thee
Headlong to fall, and plunge into the sea.

Yet not, O! goddess! do I seek alone
 To sit despotic on thy airy throne;
 Nor can I vainly hope alone to reign
 Fantastic monarch of thy tinsel train;
 Born in thy lap, and foster'd in thy arms,
 With thy lov'd offspring every climate swarms;
 And all thy sons, an endless tribe! will be
 Equal competitors for place with me!
 Enough for me, to join the giddy throng,
 And rove with them thy fancied scenes among;
Enough, to catch each passing character,
 And drag to light each striking mark they bear;
To lash the various vices of the mind,
 And hold a faithful mirror to mankind.

Nor thou my ———, this votive verse refuse,
 The firstling of a plain and artless muse;
 This scourge of vice protection seeks from thee,
 For none I know from vice's power so free:

Guided

Guided by thee the first essay'd to soar,
 And tried poetic regions to explore:
 Permit her then to perfect her design,
 And light a torch at friendship's flame and thine.

On then we march:—and thou, my honest muse,
 Aim to correct; we wish not to abuse:
 To virtue's heart has folly entrance found?
 'Tis thine to probe, but not enflame, the wound:
 But when proud vice in gilded state does roll,
 'Tis thine to strike truth's dagger to her soul.

Behold! who presses first in folly's race?
 The British traveller, eager for the chace,
 Leaps reason's pale:—then panting—out of breath,
 Exulting cries, “ I'm in at wisdom's death.”
 In a long line, to which no end you find,
 Far lag his strain'd competitors behind;
 Whilst in her air-built chariot fleeting by,
 Folly wide waves her plume, the palm of victory.

To you then Britons is this feather'd meed,
 As conquerors in this motly race, decreed:
 * It must be so, whilst in this wild career,
 Such crouds of boyish travellers appear:
 It must be so, whilst from restraint set free,
 They post o'er Europe ere they learn to see;
 Striplings unfledg'd, undisciplin'd at schools,
 Fated by wealth or titles to be fools,
 Led by some tutor, who fix'd keeps his eye
 On some fat living in the family.
 The feeds of folly, nourish'd thus, soon shoot
 In warmer climes, and ripen into fruit:
 Master is sent to make the hacknied tour,
 To buy Cameos, pictures, and what's more,
 Barter his constitution for a whore.
 Shame! that such fools, whom Englishmen disown,
 Should be in foreign climes for English known!

* It is a melancholy observation which falls immediately under the eye of every thinking traveller, that the generality of our young English noblemen and gentlemen are mark'd above those of every other nation in their travels, by their ridiculous, extravagant, and vicious conduct: the author attributes this to the ruinous indulgence of parents, and the selfish servility of tutors.

Shame!

Shame! that each glaring folly these commit,
Should on the front of Briton e'er be writ.

But stop, my muse, nor all alike deride,
Sure there are some whom science deigns to guide ;
And as she guides, with philosophic hand,
Points out each beauty of each foreign strand ;
Shows how the medal, crusted o'er by age,
Illustrates some event of classic page :
Or as she travels, joys her sons to tell,
Here Cæsar conquer'd, and here Pompey fell.

Yes, there are such—my muse proclaim them loud,
Percy exalt, and Barry 'bove the croud ;
Say, when of late they trod the barbarous shore,
Say, with what ardour every toil they bore :
When with Arabia's dusky sons they flew,
Proud Ægypt's sky-clad pyramid to view,
With them the fever's parching thirst they shar'd,
And all the dangers of the desert dar'd :
In vain did pestilence her vengeance bare,
And scatter poison thro' the lurid air,

Unaw'd by fear, they through her régions pass'd,
And led by science brav'd each deadly blast.

But to her task the muse with pain proceeds,
Tho' fools she wounds, yet ev'n with fools she bleeds?

Most British travellers, however grac'd,
In three divisions may be justly class'd;
(I wish, for Britain's sake, they yet were fewer,)
As thus; whoremaster, gambler, connoisseur:
Yet ev'n in these no excellence they claim,
At best but base pretenders to a name;
Second they *shine*, and that as fortune varies,
Mere dupes to gamblers, whores, and antiquaries.

Is there a whore, whom infamy has known,
Subservient to each lewdness of the town;
To do each vicious filthy trick content,
In any shape that leachery could invent;
Whether she France or Italy disgrace,
Soon in his lordship's coach she takes a place:

For this, thy name in folly's temple high
 On broider'd banners, E — — shall fly :
 Who, but a fool, such homage would have paid,
 To such a vulgar, simple, porter's jade ;
 Lavish'd such sums in jewels, dress, and gear,
 On such a whore, as made all Paris sneer.
 On such a whore, (my pen proceeds with pain)
 With stinking breath, false teeth, and not a grain
 Of common sense to while an hour away ;
 Yet such a mistress is the *fam'd* D — T — *
 Let Messalina lend a listening ear,
 (Modest compar'd to her) and blushing hear
 The horrid office she perform'd so long,
 (Which, but to name, pollutes the muse's song)

* The ridiculous connection between this gentleman and lady, will be remember'd long to the disgrace of Englishmen: the absurdity of permitting her to figure on the boulevards in a coach and six; the insults she received, such as being pelted with dirt; having her coach broke to pieces, &c. is sufficiently celebrated in the *Quinzaine Angloise à Paris*.

When

When kept by thee, † —, man-hating whore,
To quench thy lust, as quench'd by dogs before.

To this *fair* idol, all our Briton's pour
Their lustful offerings, in a golden shower;
She treats them all with suppers and a p—,
From noble E — to filly F —: ‡
She no distinction makes; alike they share
Her *beauteous* self; bear-leader and his bear;
Friend follows friend, brother succeeds his brother,
And each succeeding fool outbids the other.

But, ev'n amidst this class of men, you'll say,
A vein of worth, perchance, may hidden lay;
And candor sure should hidden worth explore,
Should thro' the rubbish strata search the ore.

† Madame de —, who, in every respect, is a man, saving the natural discriminations of sex, took Mademoiselle D — T — from the streets, and kept her in this *modest* capacity. Which office, with made-moiselle —, she alternately performed for some time.

‡ Mr. L — F —.

'Tis

'Tis true, I grant; some men of highest fame
Have sullied thus the splendor of their name;
But their slight follies wore a gentler air,
Follies so short, we scarcely knew they were;
Clouds, that but hid awhile their sun of worth,
Which burst ere long with added lustre forth:
No theme for satire here the muse can find,
Their faults were nature's—frailties of mankind.

But on the man, who (worse than brutes that die)
In lust's vile dregs, in lewdest infamy,
Rolls all his life, and by no action proves
His soul's existence; but that just he moves;
On him pour all thy rage, my muse; he needs,
To make him feel it, lashing 'till he bleeds.

Some men there are, (I shudder as I write)
Men did I say?—no—Demons of black night;
Compar'd with whose unnatural infamies,
Ev'n incest shocks not; whoring virtue is:
If this the fruit of travel, God forbid
I e'er should wander from my homely shed:

And if what all the world believes, be true;
 This horrid vice, *Fi-fo-sticks* to you:
 Why on thy valet dost thou present a shower?
 Why thus indulg'd to keep his coach and where?
 His villa too! but that serves many ends;
 'Tis there our *Sporus* entertains his friends:
 Why thus in secret do they converse hold
 So oft? *to settle their accounts*, we're told;
 Tho' there was naught receiv'd, nor ought to pay,
 Accounts are to be settled every day;
 And this repeated oft, at length became
 For *other converse* a proverbial name:
 Ev'n *monkish* Rome did blush; and blushing she
 Branded thy name with lasting infamy.

And here, my muse, hold up to public shame,
 Two hoary lechers, in whose veins this flame
 Unnatural burns, (with each is paramour)
 Whom Britain spurn'd disdainful from her shore;
 Hell's *postern* tribe, *M—, T—y, P—h, and C—;*
 Those blasted sons of Sodom's blasted race.

But

But o'er these hideous monsters let us throw
Oblivion's blackest cloak:—and drag we now,
Forth from their midnight cells, the thievish crew
Of travell'd gamblers, and their dupes, to view.

Abroad indeed those leeches don't abound,
In France and Italy but few are found:
Such flocks of *pigeons* they can find at home,
'Tis scarce worth while in foreign climes to roam.
Of late but two at Paris dar'd to try
For conquest in this race of infamy;
B— and F — — d, names of darkest die.

The muse regrets, that when of late they met
On France's borders, to decide a debt,
Each ball did not take place, by justice hurl'd
To drive at once two monsters from the world.

Who can, F — — d, e'er forget the day
When at the Parc Royal thy guests all lay
Drench'd in champaign, and thou propos'd'st play.

When

When they assented, with thy wine elate,
How boldly didst thou step aside to cheat;
To pack the cards, obedient to thy call,
And bet with every dupe, and win of all!
Surely with thriving qualities like these,
Thou might'st have heap'd up riches at thy ease.
Rich hadst thou been; but heav'n to vice does join
When rich, some fatal passion:—Show is thine.

Wouldst thou, my friend, without one guinea grac'd,
A carriage keep, give crimson liveries lac'd;
With one farthing, and from debt not clear,
Live up to twenty thousand pounds a year?
How to contrive this end, this painful task,
Proud ostentation's son, F---d, ask;
In one short sentence answering he will say,
" 'Tis mighty easy, for I never pay;
" And if the curs are pressing, run away."

Gods! is it possible there e'er should be
Men sunk so deep in gross stupidity?

Men

Men, on whom fortune's liberal hand has pour'd
Her richest gifts, and Rank her honours show'r'd;
Who sacrifice to such vile cheats as these,
Their credit, fortune, constitution, ease;
Who pass whole sleepless, anxious nights in pain,
In hopes of gaining, what they never gain :
Their time, their character, their worth, all sold,
And honour barter'd for the chance of gold.
What inward satisfaction can be found
In dealing heaps of spotted paper round?
What magic is there, which their senses locks,
In rattling two *dead* bones in a *dead* box?

First in this train let T - - n come, for he
Amongst these dupes deserves priority :
Knowing no game, he play'd at every one,
And dup'd at each, is now at length undone.
Were he expiring with acutest pain ;
Rattle the box,—see! he's alive again!—
So lost to social feelings, that to dice
His friend, his father, he would sacrifice :

E

Though

Though heav'n itself depended on the bet,
This heav'n against his dearest friend he'd set;
If set he won it, winning he would sell
This dearest friend unmerciful to hell.

But how, my A - - s - n, could'st thou depart
From the cool feelings of thy simple heart?
And, dup'd at *Naples, give thy guineas wing,
When foully won, tho' even to their king?
For O - - b - - i knows (or fame doth lie)
Well how to palm the cards, or cog the die

'Twas vanity which gave this flatt'ring cue—
“ To play with kings is granted but to few;
“ And tell me what a man of fashion can do,
“ When honour'd thus to play with Ferdinando;

* At the Festino's at court, upon the birth of a prince, the English (acquainted sufficiently with the dexterity of the Italians) resolved to have a gambling table to themselves; they adhered to this resolution, 'till they were honoured by the K - - g with a message, that he should be glad to make one of the party: this of course could not be refused; the K - - g came, and with him brought il Duca d'O - - b - - i: the consequence was hinted to the English; they could not believe a Duke would cheat, or a K - - g encourage it: and in three nights these *English Travellers* found themselves lighter by some thousand pounds.

Tho'

“ Tho’ he had lost each shilling he could raise,
“ † *Dav’ é il mio piccolino* pays.”

No more of Orpheus’ sacred music tell,
The *sacred* sound of dice will do as well;
To Orpheus’ lyre brutes, stocks, and stones did dance,
To hazard’s call, see V - - - r advance:
Equal the miracle, for all agree,
That V - - - r’s a compound of all three:
Sure to share of any animal,
So little animation ne’er did fall:
Mark! whilst the guineas fly about, how he
Stares, lost in dead insensibility;
So much, that strangers oft have doubts confess’d,
Whether the use of language he possess’d:
But that’s decided now; for once, (’tis said)
When fortune cross’d him in each bet he made,

† As Mr. A — played with such *ease* and *gentility*, as to suffer himself to be gulled without observing it; he was naturally enquired after: this familiar phrase the King used when he asked for him: and a familiarity with royalty was too great a temptation for *him* to resist.

To give his *bursting* anger vent, he swore, I do 'em
" Upon my soul 'tis hard:—" 'tis past:—once more
Deep silence clos'd his lips:—yet all agree,
That swearing by his soul no oath could be.

But who is he, with that intrepid face,
And cit-like air, *bedizen'd* o'er with lace?
'Tis brazen W - - ns, whom naught pleases long,
Save the *dear* sound of his own *dearest* tongue;
His own *dear* tongue, tho' he has naught to say,
Rings folly's larum all the livelong day.

To make a form, which nature never knew,
Which folly seeing starts *herself* to view;
Powder, pomatum, and pulvilios join,
And curls on curls in ample order shine:
A certain sign that all *within's* not well,
Or why so anxious to adorn the *shell*:
'Tis vain indeed, abandon the design,
To make base metal pass for sterling coin.

If talking is his *business*, (you will say)
 Why sits he down amidst this tribe to play?
 He there the call of vanity does feel,
 And plays, because *he's told* it is genteel:
 Studious to mark what lords and gentry do,
 And with their virtues ape their vices too.
 Yet honour calls this justice from the muse,
 (To worth, tho' small, she can't her praise refuse,)
 " Let shadows have their due:—say all we can,
 " Thou aim'st at substance, and thou ape'st man."

But to our last division now we come,
 And lay the scene of their exploits at Rome:
 Rome, erst so fam'd for art's and wisdom's schools,
 Is now a seat of English goths and fools;
 An those not striplings just let loose from college,
 But men, and who would pass for men of knowledge;
 Who laugh at those by play and whores undone,
 Yet into follies as destructive run.

This set can well, *despising* classic aid,
 Trusting to wiser * Cicerone's trade,
 Make out inscriptions which were never made,
 Resolve, and join, confound, piece out a name,
 To which, nor Rome, nor Athens would lay claim,
 If but a C on some worn stone appear,
 So *wisely* ignorant, so deep, so clear,
 Learnedly solemn they this voice declare,
 " If but an R would on our senses stare,
 " This might be Cæsar, or perhaps *the Czar*."

If of some statue but a hand be found,
 Which, *they are told*, was dug from out the ground;
 They start enraptur'd, and descry *with ease*
 The work of Phidias or Praxitiles.

* The Italian name for those *learned and well-informed gentlemen* who attend our *Travellers* in the different parts of Italy. in order to explain the antiquities; such as By--s, N--l--y, &c. who were first sent to Rome to study painting; in which, not having *genius* enough to succeed, they have betaken themselves to the *more easy task* of making out Greek and Latin inscriptions :--*describing* antiquities---*explaining* difficult passages of Greek and Roman history :--and rendring abstruse parts of the classic authors easy to the *capacities* of our *travellers*.

Dupes that ye are! — * the arm was wholly made
In I--k--ns' shop, the hand broke off for *trade*:
Then next a Torso comes, and in a week
A statue's *found*, and warranted *antique*.
Who dares dispute it, or his eyes believe?
I--nk--s has said it, who can ne'er deceive.

Who is this I--nk--s, this fam'd connoisseur,
Whose taste is law, whose ipse dixit's sure?

Lift but a while, the muse will here relate
The various chances of this *great* man's fate.

You'd sooner tame them, when gaunt tigers prowl
For prey the desert, and with hunger howl;
You'd sooner make attraction lose her force;
The earth stand still; the planets change their course,
Or turn the willing needle from the pole,
Than sense and genius force into the soul.

* Alluding to a known story of this *Worthy Protector* of the fine arts.

I--nk--s of this stood forth a proof confess,
 When first the art of painting he profess'd;
 Long did he ask her mimic pow'r, to gain
 His scanty meal; but ask'd alas! in vain:
 For she, coy Muse, unwilling to degrade
 Her art, refus'd to such a dunce her aid:—
 He brush'd, he toil'd, he labour'd all the day;
 Nor brush, nor toil, could keep fell want away.
 Yet tho' to genius he had no pretence,
 Cunning, that city substitute for sense,
 Came to assist him; whisper'd in his ear,
 " My son, see crowds of British dupes are here,
 " Ready to buy, obedient to thy call;
 " Turn antiquary,* and deceive them all:
 " Keep *ready made* antiques?—new pictures sell,
 " When smok'd and damp'd for old; they'll do as well
 " For British travellers: it is a chance
 " They know a Raphael from the hand of D—:

* Mr. I—— was the first Englishman who *set up* this trade: 'tis said he
 begun by borrowing five guineas, with which he bought a cameo: which
 cameo he sold the next week to an *English travelling connoisseur* for fifty.

" Let

“ Let no false honour thy career arrest,
“ Govern’d by fashion, honour’s but a jest;”
The last of all the feather’d fancy’s train;
“ Mere ignis fatuus of a sickly brain;
“ Whose wand’ring light allures but fools astray,
“ Whilst we more wise unheeded view it play:
“ We’re now grown prudent, honour hides her face,
“ And cringing low to titled wealth gives place:
“ What, O! ye Gods! who wants to rise, hast thou
“ With virtue, honour, honesty, to do?
“ Strip, strip, my son, go, trudge thro’ thick and thin,
“ Thy fortune’s made, plunge thou but boldly in.

Thus cunning spoke; and she was sure to find
I--nk--s a subject fitted to her mind;
Endow’d with all the roguish gifts complete,
Which, amongst us, denominate a cheat;
But by the sons of Mammon firnam’d are,
Maxims of prudence, gifts of thriving care:
And with such meanness, when the cheat’s found out,
To bear a cuffing, or a kicking bout:

With soul of blackest dye, his face the while
Veild in hypocrisy's insipid smile:
With these *blest* talents, and a thousand more,
'Twould have been strange hadst thou continued poor:
Fortune knew better, and thy prudence crown'd
('Tis said) with twice one hundred thousand pound:
Chang'd is the scene, and he, who would before
Have stoop'd to beg his bread from door to door,
Now on the throne of connoisseurship plac'd,
Reigns sole dictator in the realms of taste:
Taste now depends on his bare word alone,
No British traveller dares trust his own.

The works of masters hid in eyeless night,
Thanks be to I--nk--s! now are brought to light:
Nay change their essence by his magic rod:
E'en * Minx becomes a Zeuxis at his nod.

* Alluding to a known story of a picture *said* to be antique, and to have been painted by Zeuxis, which was afterwards discovered to have been the production of M---x, a scheme concerted betwixt him and I-nk--s to abuse the credulity of some English *connoisseur* of fortune: this picture is still to be seen at Mrs. S----'s house at Rome: the price fixed upon it was the *moderate* sum of four thousand guineas.

Antonio's poor:—necessity is hell:—
What's to be done?—his Raphael he must sell:
He flew to Florio certain of success:

“Twenty zechins I'll take, and nothing less:”—
“Twenty zechins you say!—nay—that's too much:
“Twenty zechins would buy me twenty such.”

Antonio turn'd, dejected; for, hard fate!
Cold penury chill'd his blood, and he must eat---

It chanc'd, within a week, that I--nk--s fought,
This very picture, and as quickly bought: }
Now mark the change which I--nk--s' taste has wrought. }
In this same picture such improvements made,
Florio two hundred guineas for it paid:
Tho' he ten guineas to distress refus'd,
He paid two hundred for his taste abus'd.
I--nk--s, I've heard; I know not where or when,
So *generous* was, he gave Antonio *ten*.

But see! S - - T - -, in this motley dance
Of travell'd Conoscenti first advance:

Indeed,

Indeed, 'tis just the greatest fool should come
First to the hollow call of folly's drum.

Gods! who could think the compound of a Br-w-r
Would e'er have serv'd to form a connoisseur:
What strict relation can there be, you'll ask,
'Tween antique vases, and a porter cask?
Born, foster'd amidst hogs and grains, and beer,
What rage made thee become a traveller?
How blind was chance, to put it in thy power
(Speaking thy language) to *perform a tower*:
Strong was the satire, full of attic salt,
When Louis dubb'd thee, Chevalier de Maltbe.

It chanc'd our knight had often heard them say,
Naples how fine! how beautiful the Bay!
This did alone determine the *wise* knight
To have a picture painted of its site:

For

For tho' this prospect met his eyes each day,
 He felt no more than * Buxton at a play.
 A painter soon was call'd, and in a trice
 The picture's size is fix'd; as is the price;
 But soon a dreadful quarrel rose, for here
 In this same picture, our good knight did swear
 Naples, Vesuvius, Ischia, should appear,
 And Capri too:—in vain the painter swore
 It was impossible to see all four:
 " Look on the town and mountain, fir, you'll find,
 " That Capri, and that Ischia are behind."
 The knight's resolv'd:—'twas difficult I own;
 Had not a thought quick to the painter flown,
 To move the islands close unto the town.
 The painter cross'd him for a thought so bright,
 He sav'd his credit, and he pleas'd the knight.

* Jedediah Buxton, the famous calculator, who upon seeing Mr. Gar-
 rick, in one of his principal characters, and being asked how he liked him,
 replied, that he was the best actor, for he had spoke several hundred
 words more than any of the rest.

But here another difficulty rose;

The knight would have the picture as he chose;

He would be painted in his window sitting ;

“ That’s easy,” says the painter, “ and ’tis fitting:”

’Tis true—but mark S— B— —’s *bright* thought,

At the same time he would be in his boat:

The painter swore t’was against philosophy,

It was impossible he e’er could be

At once in different places;—but a frown

From our *dread* knight, soon knock’d his reasoning down.

“ Cease, as you call ’em, your curs’d *arg’ments*, pray, }

“ D—n all *philosophus*, do as I say ; }

“ By G-d I’m right, for it is I who pay.” }

The picture’s finished soon, and home is brought,

And our knight *shines* in window and in boat.

Mirror of chivalry! all thoughts resign }

Of taste or travelling, and on each sign, }

T— —’s entire shall then with double lustre shine. }

But see! my muse, with slow devotion’s pace,

Such as becomes a methodist’s grimace,

With

With eyes uprais'd, his mind in heav'nly frame
 No doubt, another knight steps forth; his name
 S--- R -- N ---; he, you are sure
 By faith alone became a connoisseur.

* Faith! great magician! at whose pow'ful nod,
 The *pious* Tartar calls his Lama God;
 Devours his *sacred* excrement with zeal,
 And drinks his holy urine at each meal.

Faith! which the dying Indian persuades,
 That urine of a cow each fin pervades;
 And that his soul, purg'd by the stream, will rise
 In diuretic odours to the skies.——

Faith! (as in Egypt) by whose influence solely
 The Santon's b -- r'd afs becometh holy.

* However absurd and strange these articles of faith may seem to our more enlightened world, they are, notwithstanding, literally believ'd and practis'd in those countries.

Faith!

Faith! which doth make the Roman think it safer
 To eat his deity in form of wafer,
 Than that of onions, or of other roots,
 As Egypt's sons were wont:—to me, what boots
 (Who not in faith alone, but works am sure in)
 A wafer, b---r'd afs, or roots, or urine:
 'Tis equal blasphemy whoe'er's the maker,
 A Lama, Santon, Gard'ner, Cow, or baker.

S— R-- had a resolution made;
 Not to be dup'd by th' Antiquary's trade:
 By this resolve, despising all antiques,
 For modern pictures every hour he seeks;
 Indeed by this he treads on *saving* ground,
 His whole collection could not cost ten pound:
 Nor would he e'er with twenty guineas part,
 For all the soul of painting's vivid art;
 Not that he's avaricious, but thereby
 He might a Raphael, or a Guido buy;
 And he despises those originals,
 But for their ill-daub'd copies loudly calls;

For

For says S-- R --, "ne'er shall it be said
" In studying the antique I dupe was made."

Under no class I rank thee L ---,

Equal thy *excellence* in every one :
Thy various vices change them as they choofe,
Camelion like, they take a thousand hues ;
Alike in gambling, as in stews they *shine*,
Vary each feature, and on each refine :
Of vice like thine, impatient of control,
Dragg'd down the stream, wit, sense, and honour roll ;
Sense, honour, wit, their vain resistance tried,
Sink in the whirl pool, nor resist the tide.

Horace has sung, who nature understood,
* The good are e'er the offspring of the good ;
And the same virtue which enrich'd the root,
Shoots thro' the branches, and perfects the fruit.
Who knows thy life, O! L --- ! must fight
To find each action give this truth the lie :

* Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis.

Must all thy father's virtues grieve to find,
Shot into seed and scatter'd in the wind.
Sprung from the best of Britain's titled race,
Shame to thee all his honours to disgrace!

That day remember, when the fatal * *stream*
Pour'd upon Lucca's senators:—a theme,
Which thro' the land thy ignominy bears,
Still rings thy folly thro' Italia's ears.
Not G -- -'s vile insolence of face,
So strongly painted in Hibernia's race,
Unblushing could withstand that dread command
Which drove an English P—r from Lucca's land.

Yet 'midst all this depravity of mind,
'Midst all the vices that deform mankind,
Virtue still owns (who shudders at thy name)
To sense, to knowledge, and to wit thy claim:

* This gentleman and his company, in a full senate at Lucca, are said to have *very politely* p -- d from the gallery upon the senators:—On account of his being a *British P—r*, the punishment, which ought to have been of the most serious kind, was alleviated to that of immediate banishment.

Owens

Owne, that if learning, eloquence, and ease,
Can admiration fix, thou'rt sure to please ;
But when ease, learning, eloquence, we find
To blackest vice, and infamy combin'd ;
Then admiration, trembling at the thought,
With horror, wonders how she e'er was caught.

Ah! say, my muse, can such fair virtues dwell
With such companions, in so loath'd a cell?

“ Know, mortal, know, by this vain man is taught,
“ To place no higher value than he ought
“ On gifts like these: 'tis possible we see,
“ A man in knowledge, brute in vice to be.

“ To deck with plain humility the foul,
“ Of human pride to curb the fierce control ;
“ Th' Almighty Wisdom grants once in an age,
“ A L - - - our wonder to engage :
“ Permits, man's inconsistency to shew,
“ Vice to fill up the outline virtue drew.”

Amongst

Amongst those travellers, whom pride ordains
 To scour with wild career ideal plains;
 Such as *fam'd* Mandeville, whose wond'rous tale *
 Would freeze the fire of CHATHAM's patriot zeal:
 Whom fiction stands aloof dismay'd to hear,
 And blesses heaven that she ne'er was there;
 To tell of cataracts they never saw;
 To coin, create new monsters; and to draw
 Scenes, which a B--'s pencil could not trace,
 Tho' they in kind all rarities disgrace;
 To climb, (and who the journey dares disown?)
 O'er A-----'s mountains of the moon;
 To cut live steaks from animals, which when
 Thus wounded went to feed, to heal, and then
 To cut, to dine, to feed, to heal again:
 Come B——, advance, advance thou *modest* man,
 The last, the mightiest of this *bashful* clan.

Deep skill'd in travelling, but where who knows?
 Whether thro' air, o'er earth, or seas, he goes;
 (*Such* travellers may take which route they choose)

* For the account of this extraordinary tale, see the extract from Sir John's Journal, published in the Tatler, No. 254.

35
Describing *mighty* things with *mighty* ease,
In A - - - 's land, or 'Afric's seas,
In elbow chair thy genius sits in state,
And wonders opes, no raree-show so great.

If, in those *bidden* realms where thou hast been,
Men chang'd to monkies swarm:—male oaks are seen,
Of copulation fond, to stalk from earth,
Clasp with rude vigour, and give oaks their birth:
If customs, manners differ; and the soil
Men plough with oars, and ploughs on ocean toil:
If contrarieties Dame Nature please;
And fishes fly in air; birds swim in seas:
If Egypt will no pluvia maters own,
And England's brittle glass dare cope with stone:
If these thy stories, reason spurns th' offence;
And only credits what she hears from sense:
But if in some thy tales (tho' strange they are)
The ground be nature's, tho' the colours glare,
(Which fancy lends to truth; allied in fame
She scorns, without her sister truth, a name:)

K

Divide

Divide with chymic care, all falsehood quit;
One grain of truth is worth a mine of wit; — — —
Begin, print, publish, (lest this muse unknown
In future song should mark thee folly's son)
Let us in some fair page thy labours scan,
To please, improve, or science, or the man.

Others there are, nor is their number small,
Who bear no mark, no character at all:
Scarce conscious of existence, ne'er of thought,
Down the dull stream of indolence they float.
O! happy dullness!—safely shall ye pass
In spite of wit and sense;—each kindred ass
Shall take you by the hand; and as you go,
If you are *rich*, the flatt'ring world shall bow.

Such trifling beings, turn them as you choose
To every light, can never from the muse
Call satire forth; her blood in anger flows,
When splendid villains thrive; when virtue's foes
'Midst virtue's modest sons dare force their way,
And spread their gilded feathers to the day.

In-

Inspids that ye are, the muse disdains
With such a subject to degrade her strains:
Nor on unmeaning blanks will longer dwell,
(For the long list would to a volume swell)
Than just with hasty eye glance o'er a few,
And hold the leaders of your tribe to view:

And see! a race of lords crowd on my rhimes,
For even *lords* inspid are *sometimes*:
But as of *nothings* nothing she can say,
The muse here gives them in a *wholesale* way:
Take, use them in whatever way you please,
More inoffensive animals than these
You'll never find: mere shadows of a shadow!
From trifling L— B--- to L-d--
A C---h; a M---n; a F--
Whom for her spendthrift fair B---i chose:
C--r who joys at F-r-e e'er to dwell:---
T--y, for *reasons* every one can tell,
Has been for years unable to withstand
The *sweet attractions* of Italia's land.
With these round M-t-t, just as broad as long,
Militia colonel, comes waddling on:

Oft Granta's plains have seen, renowned knight,
Thy dauntless feats, thy prowess—in mock fight;
Beggar'd by brooks and beasts, ah! hard thy fate!
Bears, lyons, tigers, wolves, have worried thy estate.

But now to commoners their lordships past,
Tho' last in order, not in folly last.

Come then, my E---, nay---why this fear?
Sulk not behind, for all your friends are here:
Bless me! what breadth of back! what strength of limbs!
Enough to please a widow's thousand whims;
But beauteous - - has no whims, for she
Has lost all passions in the devotee.

G--- follows closely; anxious for his share
Of insipidity; and all his care,
To keep the honour of his daughters sure;
And squeeze his head in camera obscura:
His head, as to the furniture within,
May aptly be compar'd to this machine;

For

For each idea, long however they may,
Like pictures painted in the camera;
But cast their feeble radiance thro' the glass,
Nor leave their pencill'd features as they pass.

Room, room; see thousands more come pressing on!
Names undistinguish'd in the trifling throng.
First simpering U - - n, whom a *learned* wife
Has quite depriv'd of meaning, sense and life:
With snoring C - - e; and with walking G—:
P— the polite, the gallant, and the gay;
H - - s, who plagues each company he meets,
With his wife's history, and his *gallant* feats:
With drunken H - - -, whose only sport
Is to confuse his little sense in port:
And *greasy* D - - d, ill prepar'd to *please*,
Yet deep in love with every girl he sees:
With these the *wife* triumvirate attends,
C - - - r, P - -, W - -, those close friends:
To them R—, S—e, and T - - - e appear;
M - - s, rejoic'd each bloody tale to hear
Fool of all fools brings up this motley rear.

L

Launch'd

Launch'd on the sea of satire, thus I try
The storms of malice; but her blasts defy:
Enrag'd from folly's mouth tho' vengeance show'r,
I dread no tempest, but deride her pow'r:
Happy the pilot, who his vessel steers
Firm 'midst these dangers, nor a shipwreck fears.

Unhappy isle! o'er whose degenerate plain
Such floods of folly pour; such vices reign!
Unhappy isle!—Ah! deep o'erwhelming tide!
If ever at thy helm these sons preside!
Can such, so nurs'd in vice's lap, thy cause
Of truth protect, thy liberty, thy laws?
Ah! rather say, ill-fated country, "All
" My wonted grandeur to disgrace must fall;
" And my chang'd offspring, erst my boasted pride,
" Plunge me in ruin, and my woe deride."

Not so thy sceptre when great ANNA sway'd;
Then at thy frown each vanquish'd foe obey'd;
Sense, honour, virtue, then exalted sat,
E'en wit and learning blush'd not to be great:

Then

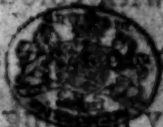
Then were thy sons free, virtuous, brave and good;
And conquer'd worlds were honour'd with thy nod:
High o'er the earth the British banners flew,
And France inglorious trembled at the view.
Again at freedom's call she rose; again
ANN was reviv'd in second GEORGE'S reign:
Then thy full virtue high on tiptoe stood;
'Till (killing power of Luxury!) the flood
Of wealth, of woe, in eastern cataracts roll'd,
Chang'd honour's source, 'till virtue's self was gold:
Then guilt, corruption, infamy, and pride,
In full-blown state came whirling down the tide:
Whilst Britain, weeping o'er her delug'd earth,
Saw tinsel value pass for sterling worth.

Enough, my muse, thy theme thou hast display'd
On canvass wide, with colours rudely spread;
Wide, but yet not so large as to allow,
Each feather'd folly nodding on each brow,
Their height to paint, each limb; could but the muse
Give warmth and life, her pencil nobly use,

In

In crowded likeness, numerous as their birth,
Folly, of giant stature, should start forth,
With all her brood; and with proud swelling stride,
And mimic shadow strut from side to side.

Enough, my muse:---ye few, (for few ye are!)
Whose education has been form'd with care,
Whose breast with honour, and with virtue fraught,
Travel to choose, and learn each good ye ought!
Go boldly on, all nature's works survey,
Science and sense shall lead you on your way;
To different nations different customs suit,
Yet none so barren but produce their fruit;
Proceed:---reject the ill, with ardeur toil,
To plant their virtues in your country's soil:
And Britain's genius shall in virtue's page,
Stamp you the great, the good, the **SHEL**BURNES of your age.



Wise, but yet not so
Each leather'd folly
Their height to paint, each kind; could but the muse
Give want, and ill, in panel nobly.

